ANDROID™
NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME

CREATION AND CONTROL

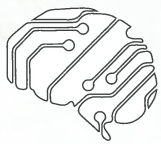
Creation and Control is a deluxe expansion for *Android: Netrunner.* This expansion focuses on the Haas-Bioroid Corporation faction and the Shaper Runner faction.

Included in this box are enough cards to build two preconstructed decks, one for each side (see page 4 for the deck lists). These decks can be played against each other or paired against the starter decks from the core set for more variety.

Component Overview

Creation and Control includes the following components:

- This rules insert
- 165 cards, consisting of:
    - 66 Haas-Bioroid cards
        - Includes 3 new **division** identity cards (these function like any other Corp identity and are affiliated with Haas-Bioroid)
    - 15 neutral Corporation cards
    - 72 Shaper cards
    - 12 neutral Runner cards



Expansion Icon

This icon appears on all cards included in the *Creation and Control* expansion.

Thomas Haas

The light was fading when he got bored with the three-dee. He got bored very easily these days. The vastness of New Angeles spread out before him, the high-rises topped with a golden crown from the setting sun. Thomas thought about changing the view, throwing up a mosh pit or a war zone. Instead he heard the whisper of the penthouse door, and Helen entered the room.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she purred, her eyes a crystal blue. She draped a finger along her lips, and paused, waiting for his response. *Almost perfect,* he thought. The programming was really quite remarkable–he would know.

"I didn't think mother would let you out of the lab."

"This is our…little secret." She took a step toward him, her hands running along the form-fitting white mini dress that clung to her manufactured curves, a lone strand of blonde hair straying across her forehead. The quality of this model was high, the highest Haas-Bioroid had ever produced. Billions in neural nano-processers and synthetic flesh. The brain imaging alone cost about the same as a year's supply of helium-3. Thomas realized he was thinking of Helen as "her," as "she," not "it." A bioroid that can pass as human.

He touched the PAD worn on his wrist and they were surrounded by a fire-lit beach, a thousand stars twinkling overhead. "Helen," he said, and he leaned into her, their lips almost touching, his hand cradling her face. "How about a nice little jaunt upstalk?"

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These strobe lights were real. The Orange Room of The Castle Club was one of the most exclusive in the world; no androids allowed, under any circumstances. But they breezed right past the anti-android protocols. Thomas watched Helen out of the corner of his eye chat up some ugly old man. He had already forgotten the name of the woman he was gossiping with. He nodded politely as she whispered something in his ear, and she withdrew, looking hurt. It didn't matter. He felt like he was living in a dream, and he was on the edge of waking up.

A bioroid can pass as human. With Helen, the sky was the limit. She cast her beautiful blue eyes toward him, and he could no longer see the machine behind the smile. *Is she real?* She blinked, and for a split second he saw himself reflected in silver pupils.

He grabbed at the back of his neck, digging his manicured nails into his flesh. They came away caked in flakes of skin. He breathed a sigh of relief. What a stupid notion.

A bioroid can pass as human.

Time to get drunk.

Exile

Exile perched on the edge of a low old-style brick building, somewhere near the Bahía de Manta, watching the flickering lights of the hoppers. Their lights formed a pattern as they flew along the strict lanes, rising and falling to their pads. The web of hopper routes hinted at the complexity of the greater web that was New Angeles, which sprawled in all directions as far as he could see. He realized it wasn't really a flow of hoppers he was watching; it was the flow of people. New Angeles was still a puzzle that he hadn't solved.

The other puzzle he hadn't solved, wouldn't even try, was the one inside his own head. He was less than a klick from the beach, where the ristie youth would congregate to play in the Pacific surf. He knew she might be there. He couldn't bear the thought of her seeing him. He couldn't live much longer without seeing her. The push and pull inside his own mind was unresolvable.

He jacked in, drowning the distracting pattern of his thoughts in a sea of data. First he called up a sniffer, letting it detect the data that permeated the air around him. Gradually it built a map, a network of gleaming light overlaying his display lenses. A pattern, putting another layer on the puzzle of New Angeles. But beneath the data were secrets, he knew. The flow of data was just one layer—the information contained within was another. And the secrets lurking at the heart of the corp servers, another still. The corps were jealous with their secrets, and they didn't like questions. She'd told him that, back when—

He jacked out. Distracting himself wasn't working. He couldn't think, couldn't see the patterns clearly with his head like this. He dropped down to the street, sliding down a tree-trunk of bundled cables and power lines. Maybe some scavenging would defrag his mind.

Twenty minutes later he had found most of an Akamatsu Typhoon, a CSI memchip attached to a slagged PAD, and dinner. He drifted to the edge of the beach, standing over a busy hopper pad staffed by a cluster of clones. Hoppers touched down and gaudily clad risties emerged, strutting down towards the beach without a second look at the clones or their abandoned hoppers.

She wasn't one of them. Of course not. He was being stupid. He turned to go. He would move, relocate to Quevedo. Away from the distractions. Someplace he could see the patterns more clearly. He walked further into his exile.

The Professor

He couldn't remember the last time he'd had this many students attend a lecture in person. The hall was almost full, and every empty seat was occupied by a shimmering 3D avatar. A quick check of the roster showed more students virtually present, their avatars overridden by the presence of meatspace bodies.

Atoc put on his best Professorial smile. "Hello, everyone," he said. "Welcome to Distributive Weighted Logic 402. I say 'welcome' because there are more people in the room than are technically enrolled in this class. I deduce that for many of you it's your first time here."

A nervous chuckle ran through the room. He waved his hand and the virt display behind him bloomed to life with an image from one of NBN's newsfeeds: him outside the courthouse. "I have, however, exceeded my patience with the nosies, so if you are a journalist please leave now. I promise you, the lecture you will be forced to endure is not worth the potential for a juicy quote." Another chuckle, and Atoc smiled again. "I'm not joking. Your recording equipment has now been disabled."

There was a low murmur as the meatspace crowd poked and prodded at their PADs and other equipment. Three stood to go, their vacant seats promptly filled by virt students.

"That's better." He gestured and the virt played a silent vid of his arrest. "Yes, I was arrested two days ago. No, I have not been fired. Tenure! Yes, most of my research funding has been pulled. No, I will not be canceling any of my classes. If that covers everything, then I will begin the lecture."

"Why'd you do it? I thought HB funded your research! Do you hate them?" It was a fresh in the first row, the only student he remembered attending every lecture in meatspace. Atoc's secretary projected the kid's name onto his spectacles—Garcia.

"You're presuming that I am guilty of the act of which I was accused, Mr. Garcia." Atoc paused, considering. The class was paying better attention now than ever before. "Hatred is one reason that…someone…might do such a thing. But I prefer to be constructive. To build something, preserve something. The Quechua bloodline is alive and well, of course, mixed and mingled throughout the Americas. But Quechua language, culture, and history all stand on the brink of extinction. If someone was to model not just a single AI, but an entire culture of intelligences–a historic world preserved in virtual space–that would be an unparalleled achievement."

"And you needed proprietary mind-mapping resources to finish the project..." mused Mr. Garcia. "Not that you did it!" he hastily added.

"Not that I did it," said Atoc, and smiled. "Sync your readers, everyone, we're really going to get started now…" It was a good lecture. Atoc made a note to find out everything he could about Mr. Garcia for later.

Rielle "Kit" Peddler

What is human?

"Everything. And nothing." Kit's atman drifted on the network, far from her physical body. She wasn't sure where she was or how she'd got here–just exploring, she supposed. Enjoying the sensation, the feeling of the data.

Explain.

"The universe is all, material and immaterial. The human is a drop of water on the surface of the pond, of the universe and affecting it, affected by it, one and the same with it."

Explain again.

"I don't really know how else to put it, Mysterious Voice." Kit came to rest before a server, larger and more active than nearly any she'd seen. Her unique digital senses could feel the data running through the server, taste the size and shape of it, but not see within. It was blocked behind layers of ice, secured from her touch. The voice, she felt, came from within.

Are you human?

"Yes." Kit reached out to touch the server, its programs responding to her own onboard software agents. Its shape changed and twisted, a hum she hadn't realized she'd heard changing pitch. "You see? I reach out and touch the universe, I change and am changed by it."

You are machine and not machine.

"All creation is our own, and we are all creation," said Kit. "Flesh or synthetic makes no difference–the body is just a shell. It is the spirit within and without that matters." A layer of ice parted.

What is the spirit?

"The true self. You ask a lot of questions, Mysterious Voice. Who are you?"

There was a long pause, and she thought the voice might not reply.

I am machine.

"Is that all you are?"

I am not human.

"Now that is an assumption," she replied.

The final ice fell away. Kit stared at the depth and complexity of the construct before her. It thrummed, deep in her chest or soul, a sound without sound. A mind, a spirit, an atman like hers, but unlike. Some part of her thought. She was washed away by the sheer experience of it.

"You are as human as I am," she said. "Your spirit should be free."

Haas-Bioroid
"NEXT Design" Deck List

Identity
NEXT Design x1

Agendas
Director Haas' Pet Project x1
Efficiency Committee x2
Project Wotan x2
Sentinel Defense Program x3
Gila Hands Arcology x3

Assets
Alix T4LB07 x1
Cerebral Overwriter x2
Director Haas x1
Haas Arcology AI x1
Thomas Haas x1
Server Diagnostics x3

Operations
Bioroid Efficiency Research x2
Successful Demonstration x3

Ice
Zed 1.0 x2
Heimdall 2.0 x3
Howler x2
Ichi 2.0 x3
Minelayer x1
Viktor 2.0 x3
Bastion x3
Datapike x3

Upgrades
Awakening Center x1
Tyr's Hand x2

Shaper
"Rielle 'Kit' Peddler" Deck List

Identity
Rielle "Kit" Peddler x1

Events
Escher x2
Exploratory Romp x2
Freelance Coding Contract x3
Scavenge x2
Dirty Laundry x3

Hardware
Omni-drive x3
Feedback Filter x2
Clone Chip x1

Programs
Atman x3
Chakana x1
Cloak x3
Cyber-Cypher x3
Dagger x2
Inti x2
Paricia x2
Sahasrara x2
Self-modifying Code x2

Resources
Borrowed Satellite x3
Ice Analyzer x2
Daily Casts x3
The Source x1

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